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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 02)

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 02)  
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written by Max

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MF, FMast, Vaginal, Anal, Toys  
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He smiled at her as she ate, enjoying how her mouth and hands moved with each bite. She smirked at him, narrowing her eyes, and then pretended to ignore his attention. In the quiet of the evening, sitting by the water's edge at the pier restaurant, it felt good to have his eyes on her.

She wore a black tank top with a lightweight sweater over top. Her jeans were snug, cradling her pelvis and bottom, and then flowing down her legs to where they layered over top of her boots. The boot heels were high enough that she walked steadily but with a definite suggestive motion to her hips and ass. The clip clomping was pleasant to his ears as she got up and strode to the ladies room to freshen up while he settled the bill.

His phone buzzed in his pocket, and he pulled it out. She was texting him. A new kind of teasing they'd gotten into. Out together and separated by maybe a few dozen feet. A nice glow from the evening's meal and setting, as well as the glass of wine she'd enjoyed.

"I'm craving you curled up next to me with your cock getting hard, you cupping my breasts, teasing my nipples..."

"Slowly sliding your fingers around my labia, spreading those lips, smoothing my wetness around..."

"Pressing and grinding down on my clit as you slip first one finger, then two, then three into me..."

"Filling me, stroking my g-spot, teasing my ass, making me want to feel penetration there..."

"The sounds you coax out of me... I am so wet right now..."

"I lift my hips to show you I want more - your mouth on mine, on my breasts, my neck, my shoulders. Holding my pelvis up where I thrust it so you can place me where you need me..."

"Stretching my legs up and around you so you can slide your hard cock into me and fuck me to orgasm again and again."

He smiled as he read the texts, and gathered up Grey's leather jacket and purse. After a few minutes she came strolling out of the hallway with a glazed look in her eyes from her quick orgasm. He met her half way and enjoyed how she languidly licked her fingers before slipping on her jacket. Then they walked out together, her warm hand squeezing his.

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The taxi ride back to the hotel was full of gentle petting and a few deep kisses, his hands in her hair pulling it away from her face and tugging at the roots as he leaned in close enough for her to taste his tongue and breath. The taxicab driver said nothing, setting the radio to some crappy ethnic radio station while they nuzzled and petted each other. When they got out, he tossed the cab driver a couple of bucks extra, and then they went through the hotel lobby to the elevators.

Inside the elevator, alone except for the security camera, he pushed her to the mirrored wall and ran his strong hands all over her. He gripped her shoulders and back and then pulled her against him, his mouth placed hungrily on her lips and flushed cheeks. He whispered to her about how lovely she would look naked grinding on his cock, about how he loved her arching back and shuddering thighs as he sucked and pulled on her nipples, about how he was looking forward to her being bound in silk ropes so her ass and pussy were readily available to his every thrust. His fingers were gripping her buttocks through her jeans and his kisses were warm and met with the same enthusiasm in a rush of passion.

Then the elevator chimed, and he slipped away - a smile on his face - and she let his hand guide her away from the elevator wall, the same hand lingering on her ass as she led the way to the room. In front of the door she had to pause and again felt his weight leaning into her. His hands stroked down the front of her abdomen and pressed gently on her pelvis and hips. So close to privacy she gave in and thrust back against his hard cock, intentionally working her hips so she could feel it against her ass and grinding back and forth. He chuckled in delight and brought one hand up to cup her breast, and she felt the strength of his fingers working her nipple through the cup of her grey and silver pinstriped bra.

His mouth on her neck - pushing aside her hair and with teeth gripping the flesh at the base of her skull - caused her to gasp, and she fumbled the hotel room card trying to get the door open. He paused his ministrations and placed his hand on hers, enjoying the way her pulse was racing, and together they worked the card into the reader. The door fell open with their combined weight on the handle, and he giggled as he caught Grey by her pelvis and then guided them past the room entrance.

She turned on him, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him deliciously on his neck and lips. The gentle buzz of the wine made her own skin feel pliable in his strong grip, and when he lifted her up off her feet Grey wrapped her legs around him. Her dark hair fell into their faces, and they both laughed as they blew and pushed it away, rubbing noses and cheeks. Then he set her down on a desk, pushing aside a bag in the process, and began to earnestly kiss and caress her face, his hands on either side gently probing and stroking her temples in front of her ears.

Those kisses were long and languid or short with bursts of smiles and chuckles. He leaned in close to her ear and lightly purred behind the earlobe, then ran his lips over the tender skin as his mustache and goatee tickled the moist skin afterward. He paid particular attention to her eyes and cheeks, kissing lightly or pressing his own cheek against them, all while his hands stroked through her hair and tugged gently at her scalp. Whenever his hands stopped - on her face, on her neck, in her hair, on her shoulders, on her back, on her hips - there was a pervasive strength to them, a blatant weight combined with how they would grip and knead and work her flesh. The sensation sent thrills through Grey's body.

She whispered to him "I'm so wet... fuck me..." and he never spoke his acknowledgment, his actions made it clear that he had always intended to do just that. In one fluid motion he picked her off the desk and carried her to the nearby bed. His hands pushed back her sweater, the buttons easily coming undone, stroking and massaging her chest and catching her nipples along the way. In another moment her tank top and bra were lifted off her back and pushed up her shoulders and then over her head - straight black hair cascading into her face with only her warm grin showing through.

He didn't bother with her jeans yet - he was too enraptured by her exposed skin. His fingers, always a bit more tan than her pale flesh, stroked down her ribs as he took her breast into his mouth. She could feel her pussy soaking through her black panties, imagine the silver pinstripes glistening, and then her train of thought collapsed as he used his teeth to tease and work the tip of her nipple while sucking nearly her entire breast into his mouth. The sensation roared through her body, and her wet sex spasmed in sympathy and hunger as Grey's nipple was feasted upon with careful and deliberate motions of his mouth.

It only took another few minutes of this attention, now his withdrawal from her left breast and lingering kisses across her chest and then her right breast being consumed even as she pushed out against his mouth and gripped his head, for her to work a hand free and begin urgently trying to undo the buttons on her jeans. He loved this - her hunger, her need, expressed by her willingness to strip down and work her own pussy and ass, to push aside any barrier to her sex so he could bathe in her sexuality. He paused what he was doing long enough to reach down and help, then he lifted her up by her lower back so her hands could push her jeans off her hips and buttocks.

They both paused, and he began kissing her ribs and belly, rolling her over to kiss her back and down to her ass cheeks. She moaned as his fingers found their way underneath her panties and vigorously pushed her labia back and forth until the juices flowed out. Then using that moistness, Grey's face in the duvet, he plunged two fingers into her pussy without hesitation and began stroking her inner walls and caressing her g-spot.

Caught like this she fought to get her hands underneath her chest and push out, driving her own wetness on to him, thrusting back even into his thumb as it worked its way into her anus, and then grinding back for more as he continued to work his fingers within her openings. His fingers caressed the tender folds within even as his knuckles worked across the petals of her labia, and his thumb gripped her ass firmly enough for her to feel the thin layer of flesh between rectum and vagina being stroked and worked. None of this deterred her urgent motion, her drive to get him deeper inside of her, and she allowed herself to collapse to her shoulder and cheek so she could free up a hand to reach down and feverishly stroke her clit even as his fingers began thrusting in and out of her body.

He had his thumb buried in her bottom and four fingers in her pussy now. Her juices were flowing and beginning to wet her thighs. Her own right hand was pressed against her pelvis - her wet fingers eagerly stroking and playing with her clitoris and labia. She occasionally dipped two fingers in alongside his, something he encouraged her to do more and more, and throughout she felt suspended between orgasms and the sensations that raced up and down her body leaving goose pimples in their wake. The urgency and fulfillment cycled back and forth - and she felt her small orgasms as well as her driving thrusts blurring together.

Keeping her in this state of arousal and fulfillment, pushing the boundaries bit by bit, he developed her sexuality and refined it into purer and purer forms. But for now it was the irritation that her legs were tangled in her denim jeans and her boots were heavy and dragging on her feet that made it necessary for them to stop and take a breather. He kissed and nuzzled the skin along her spine, kissing each buttock tenderly, and then withdrew slowly. The empty sensation of him no longer inside of her started a deep aching, and she responded by turning over and pulling him down to her. They kissed and ground against each other for a while, enjoying the feel of his shirt on her chest, the feel of her skin in his strong hands. Then he paused again, kissing his way down to her navel, and broke away so she could focus and remove her trousers and boots.

Even then his touch was not absent. Grey felt the emptiness in her ass and pussy - but his hands stroked her shoulder and collarbone and even her cheek as she worked the boots off her feet. She kissed and suckled his fingers as she sat back up to push her jeans off her thighs and over her knees. He helped, not tugging on the snug fabric but coaxing and teasing her breasts and stroking and running his nails along her back. It seemed to take forever to finally extract her legs from the denim, and then he lifted her up - one arm under her thighs and another cradling her back - just to set her down further on the bed.

He climbed up beside her and she laid her full length along his body. Two of his fingers reached between her ass cheeks and began to stroke and tease her anus. "Put them in," she whispered and so he did - finger fucking her ass with wetness from her own pussy. Wetness that had dribbled all over her pelvis. He was careful not to go too fast - they were still training her ass to be another pussy for penetration and pleasure. So he started slow. But her urgent thrusts against his hand made sure both fingers were sunk to the middle knuckle over and over again within a couple of minutes.

His smile was a warm glow when she looked up into his face, and he kissed her forehead with pleasure from her wanton state. Then he whispered to her "I need to lubricate you properly so I can put my cock in your ass" with hunger and lust to match her own. She knew from past experience that with the right lube and the right attention he would be able to pound her ass as hard as her pussy, driving her body over the edge again and again. Still it was difficult to let him go when everything felt so good right then.

"Wait," she exhaled into his shoulder. And then she again worked her hand down and began actively working four fingers in and out of her pussy, grinding her palm across her clitoris at the same time, bringing herself to orgasm with his two fingers still buried in her ass. He used his free arm to wrap himself around her and knead and massage her back even as she arched away from him due to the warmth and explosions in her loins. She may have even slipped and let

a thumb slip between her soaking wet labia in her excitement - feeling the joy of filling her sex all while feeling his intense concentration on her physical desires. As her orgasm brought her to a shuddering climax, his kisses on the top of her head felt like quiet stars twinkling above the fireworks in her abdomen. And when she came it was still hard to remove her sticky wet fingers instead of starting all over again.

He felt her cum and continued to stroke and kiss her. When she withdrew her hand, he took it as his cue and slowly lifted away with a gentle squeeze on her bottom. Then he kissed her firmly to prevent her from sitting back up and walked over to the bathroom. She heard the sound of the taps running, and then he came out with a washcloth and a bottle of Maximus. She smiled in anticipation, spread her legs wide, propped herself up on her elbows, and coyly beckoned to guide him in between her legs.

With a laugh he spread his arms and pretended to be an airplane coming in to land on her wet labia, only bringing his hands in when he was against the bed and leaning forward. The washcloth was moist with hot water, and he stroked it from the top of her pelvis down over her swollen lips down to her buttocks and ass cleft. His strokes were deliberate and he made sure to massage her tingling flesh as he went. She enjoyed the feeling and allowed herself to slump back on the bed, the warmth seeping into her labia and anus while the slightly rougher terry cloth was a rich texture on sensitive skin folds. When he was satisfied she taken care of, he set the cloth aside and squirted the thick viscous lube into his hand and began to work it in.

Grey reached under her hips and lifted up to give him the easiest possible access to her ass. She wanted him to make sure she was slick and easy for his cock and fingers to slide in. She let any passing worry about mess fade as she enjoyed the slippery feeling and cool sensation of the lube, and then the easy pressure of two of his fingers working it around and over and finally into the opening of her anus. She remembered to ask him for extra - little things like telling him she wanted to be very slick and open - that caused him to smile and brought a visible leap to his cock even through his trousers. She wanted her ass to be thoroughly enjoyed by him in exchange for all the work he put into helping her make it enjoyable for her.

After three applications of lube - each a bit deeper than the last - Grey's anus was glistening and shiny. He set aside the lube and wash cloth, wiping off his hands as he did so, and then took her by the hips and she willingly followed his lead and rolled to her belly. Naked she lifted her ass up and presented it to him. She even reached back and gripped her buttocks with her hands, and then pulled her cheeks gently apart. She could almost hear how his breathing changed as she made certain there was no doubt that her ass was his for whatever he could put inside of it - all while knowing he wouldn't push the limits because he was slowly coaxing her to do more rather than breaking her. And it worked because she was loving the sensation of cool air on her slicked anus and knowing how easy he could just slide in. She saw his shirt hit the floor beside the bed, and then heard him murmuring to himself as he undid his belt and trousers and slipped a condom on. Too excited to fuss with the rest, he left his trousers and boxers pushed down far enough to release his cock. Then he pulled her thighs toward him and she felt the joy of his cock head against her anus moments later from the warm pressure and slippery sensation of her ass opening in response.

He paused. "Are you enjoying having your ass fucked?" His voice was calm and quiet despite the building pressure she could feel from his cock lightly jerking just inside of her opening.

"Yes," she said with a long sigh. Then she let go of her buttocks and reached back to his hips. "Put it in." She tugged on him and he obliged, slowly sinking his cock into her ass with a gentle push and riding the slippery lube as she guided him in.

Twice she lightly pushed back on his hips so he would pause, allow her to adjust, and then take more again once she tugged on him. Depth was still new and they did this over and over again to slowly get her rectum accustomed to be both penetrated and filled. If it had showed then there would have been beads of sweat on his skin from the fine control required to both align himself with her ass and to stop and go as she needed. But it didn't show at all. They were making more and more progress, and once his cock was buried in her ass to the root, her tailbone against her pelvis, he rubbed her lower back and buttocks to encourage her to start moving back and forth and work his cock slowly in and out of her opening.

Tonight she was spasming and hot, and he could feel the pressure through the condom. The lube was spreading in his clippered pubic hair, making wet sounds against her smooth pale buttocks. Her rocking began to pick up a little speed - she was toying with just an inch or so back and forth while repeatedly taking him to the root so she knew she was fully engulfing him. It was only a matter of time before she needed more - and she could feel the sexual energy flowing through her even though just her ass was being fucked.

Satisfied that she had grown comfortable with cock fucking her bottom, Grey moved a hand to her pelvis. Her pussy was literally seeping wet, the anal thrusts pushing her own juices out, and her labia felt full and bunched up. She worked two fingers in alongside his cock, stroking him

from underneath through the wall between her pussy and ass, and felt her chest seize at the sensations caused by the combined motion. Her fingers came out and she played with her labia and then her clitoris.

"It's by your shoulder," he said with a struggle - her slowly clenching anus was bringing him close to orgasm already. She'd been teasing and turning him on all night so he was having a difficult time holding back now that he was inside of her.

She fumbled a bit and felt the motion change the angle of his approach. His hardness pressed into her rectum differently, and she moaned at the change. He was so deep inside of her still that his cock head felt like it was in her belly. Then she felt the vibrator he'd set out on the bed before dinner, and was able to work it down to her clitoris. "Ready?" she joked, and he grunted while kneading her buttocks with his hands. Then she pressed the switch and the buzzing filled her ears even as she applied it to her clit and almost leaped from the pleasure and sensation.

He had no complaints. The throbbing of his cock was numbed a bit by the vibrators intense motion, so he'd last longer. And she was no longer cautiously grinding against him. Now she started pushing back, harder and harder, trying to stimulate her pussy by pushing his cock in and out of her ass with enough force to feel him penetrate her both places.

Enjoying how she began to aggressively fuck her slick ass against him, he reached down to grip her hips and began fucking her harder. Her moans and encouragement were more than enough to drive to him into her with deliberate force. After a few minutes of the vibrator and his hard thrusts Grey orgasmed with a cry and then began plunging the head of the vibrator between her pussy lips as well as across her clit. He responded by taking her ass like it truly was a pussy - working his cock in and out, shifting angles slightly, and aiming to thoroughly fuck her until her orgasms made her too sensitive to continue. The Maximus kept oozing around her anus so his cock was gliding in and out like a well greased piston. She spiraled higher and higher, finally jamming the vibrator into her pussy to angle it into her g-spot, and him slamming into her ass with such force that his strokes brought his thighs in contact with her hip bones and drove shuddering impacts through her whole body.

She peaked a few times, the vibrator a sloppy mess and not always catching the spot she intended. And then he could sense when the orgasms started to fade so he began to slow down. Picking up the now cold wet wash cloth, he applied it to her buttocks and then backed out wiping up grease and dirt as he went. The coolness was a bit of a shock, but it felt good on overheated openings that were sore from the vigorous pounding she'd just received. Then he stepped away, taking the wash cloth with him. He firmly wrapped it around his cock and removed the condom as well as any lube and mess from his pelvis. Then he took everything to the bathroom, returning with only a fresh condom and fresh wash cloth - his trousers and socks and shoes finally removed.

With a smile on his face, he turned her from how she'd come to rest on her side, and rolled her on to her back. Then he settled in above her, his forearms supporting his weight on either side of her torso, and his semi-hard cock against her pelvis. His kisses were delicate things, on her nose and her ears and her cheeks just below her eyes, and then her let his lips drag over hers, catching here and there, and ran just the tip of his tongue out to meet hers. They kissed like this, him suspended over top of her with his chest brushing against hers and his legs between her legs. She tipped her pelvis and lifted her knees up, allowing his weight to press his sheathed cock against her pelvis, and ground back at him while he continued to enjoy the soft contours of her face.

With a dip and kiss to her neck, he finally laid his weight on to her, and she felt the power of his arms as he wrapped his right arm around her back. Then he began delicately stroking her hair with his left hand even as he tipped her neck back and kissed her neck and collarbone. His left hand worked down from her head to her shoulder to her nipple and breast. He trapped her nipple between two fingers even while he used his fingers to grip and massage her entire breast. Then he stopped and kissed her mouth once again, letting the moment draw out, before reach down and enjoying how she eagerly spread her thighs and presented her pussy to him.

Even with his cock only partially hard, he was able to feed it into her wet opening and drive it to the base. Pelvis on pelvis they both began rubbing and grinding - she could feel his cock pulsing to life even as she felt her clit being ground back and forth under intense pressure. Then he lifted up and without a word she reached down to stroke that tender nub, running her fingers back and forth over her labia as well, while he cupped her buttock and pulled her pelvis on to him. They were well matched and the quivering in her pussy and clit were starting to stoke the fire within even as she noticed how slick her ass still was when she clenched and spasmed.

Supporting his weight on one hand she felt his muscles trembling against her body. It drew her focus back to him and she realized that in one form or another he had been awake and usually

fucking her since early that morning. Yet he didn't complain, didn't even seem to mind, even as his body protested about the the effort. He was smiling in fact, and she looked up into that and understood this giving - of her sexuality in unadulterated form - was something he longed for and enjoyed in every moment. She thought about the times they'd been unable to leave the room because as soon as she'd start to disrobe or get dressed he'd want to touch her again, and soon they'd fall back into the bed or a chair and her wetness and his fingers and his kisses and her passionate cries would consume another hour of the day. She was his vacation, his holiday, his time away and he was willing to exert himself as much as possible to enjoy it.

She giggled. He used to tell her he wasn't very good at being passive. He also wasn't very good at keeping his hands to himself. Even if they had someplace to go.

All the time he was smiling and reading her body language and expressions. Her pleasure pleased him. And she'd gone from having her ass used as a pussy to double penetration with her vibrator in the front to now enjoying him filling and grinding into her. Her breasts were delicious and he leaned in to sample each of them one at a time. Her lips were warm and her ears cool. He turned her head with his own, and lightly bit her slightly above the hairline at the base of her skull. All while luxuriating in the sensation of her wetness engulfing him and her holding on to her even as she slipped two fingers in alongside his cock and used her other hand to pull him down closer to her mouth.

He kissed her some more as they slowly and steadily fucked into the wee hours.

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by Max

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